

T H E

FAITHLESS CAPTAIN,

O R, T H E

BETRAY'D VIRGIN.



T E W K E S B U R Y:

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD; Sold also at his Shops in GLOCESTER and CHELTENHAM; where may be had all Sorts of New and Old Songs; Penny Histories, &c. Wholesale and Retail. Likewise the True Original Daffy's Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all other Medicines of established reputation, that are advertised in the Weekly Papers.

ALL ye maidens fair, I pray awhile draw near,
 I a tragical story have to tell;
 It will make your heart bleed, when farther I proceed,
 As for a truth it lately has befall.
 In London city liv'd a maiden there,
 Blest with a store of wit and beauty bright,
 Unto a lady fair, she a maiden were,
 And the lady in her took great delight.
 She had a son we here, who a captain were,
 A ship the Burford call'd he did command,
 And as it was found, was to India bound,
 And he must forsake the English land.
 His mother's waiting-maid, had his heart betray'd,
 He great kindness unto her did bear:
 Though she was poor, yet he did her adore,
 But at length he did her heart ensnare.
 Rich gold and silver bright, on his heart's delight,
 With some rich things he did bestow:
 Cloath'd her in rich array, like a maiden gay,
 But at last it prov'd her overthrow.
 The joyful day we hear, appointed were
 For the marriage as you shall find,
 Men lay many a snare, for the maidens fair,
 Hard is it for maids to trust mankind.
 The night before they married were to be,
 He unto the maiden fair did come;
 Saying, My heart's delight, go with me to night,
 About some business that I must have done.
 Unto a tavern he took the maid straitway,
 She poor innocent maid, did think no ill,
 With wine as we hear, her senses did ensnare:
 Thus the traitor had his lustful will.

but when the morning fair it did then appear,
 And sleep her gentle senses did restore,
 Finding thus her charms, enfolded in his arms,
 Down her cheeks the crystal stream did pour.
 My heart's oppress'd with grief, finding no relief,
 Since a victim to your lust I'm fell,
 And my virgin blood you've cropt too soon,
 All joys and pleasures now I bid farwell.
 Wilt thou wed me, fir, as thou didst say?
 This day you know the knot was to be ty'd,
 For ever I'm undone, now my honour is gone,
 I am afraid I shall not be your bride.
 Then he thus did swear, fear not my charming dear,
 Tho' your charming person I have enjoy'd,
 I forsake my dear, heaven be severe,
 May all the substance I have be destroy'd!
 The ship that I command when I leave the land,
 May it never more return again;
 And my silent tomb, in this youthful bloom,
 Be in the deep and raging main:
 But first I'll go to sea, 'ere I'll wedded be,
 To look after honour and renown;
 I dream she said she had, they never should be wed,
 Now my virgins honour it is gone.
 With many vows and oaths he from her arose,
 And on board the ship he soon did steer.
 The beauteous damsel bright, went that same night,
 And bought some cloathing then to wear.
 Her lovely locks of hair, white as the silver were,
 She cut off that none might her know.
 Cloath'd like a sailor bright she went that same night
 To enter at the rendezvous did go.

Being tall and slim, and strait in every limb,

Both dress and shape together did agree :

The crew at her did gaze, the lieutenant says,

Young man, have you ever been at sea.

No, she reply'd, but if you'll enter me,

I soon shall become a sailor bold ;

For I've a mind to go, where the storms do blow,

And to seek for honour and bright gold.

She was entertained strait, to be a second mate,

And on board in a little time did go :

For the Indies they soon did sail away,

The captain his true love did not know.

Once upon a day he to her did say,

Mate, thy person do so much appear

Just like a love of mine, I think many a time,

When I look on you I look upon my dear.

She was my mother's maid, I her heart betray'd;

Now I have left her thus to grieve alone.

Now I wish that she soon may married be,

To some other man ere my return.

This was a piercing dart to her tender heart,

With a deep sigh she from him turn'd away,

Revenge, ye God's ! she said, on his perjur'd head,

Who cruelly my honour did betray.

Now comes the tragic part, enough to pierce a heart,

Quick she found herself with child to be,

This cut her heart with fear, no one being near,

To help her in her extremity.

The ship's crew we hear, all did love her dear,

Soon the lovely charming second mate,

Began to look quite thick about the waist,

Forth from her eyes came many a briny tear.

The captain soon did take notice of the mate,
 One day as she in the cabin were,
 And the captain there by her breast so fair,
 Thought indeed she must a woman be.
 The more he on her gaz'd, the more he was amaz'd,
 Perfectly he thought her face he knew,
 He said, Revenged I'll be, if it shall be she,
 Then out of the cabin strait he flew.
 He bid the surgeon go and call the mate,
 She trembling to the captain then did come,
 He said, I plainly see, madam who you be,
 I shall be revenged for what you've done.
 At his feet then she, fell immediately,
 And said, Do not be to me severe,
 It is for the love of thee, I've cross'd the sea,
 Pity my distress my dearest dear.
 You have been you know, my sad overthrow,
 I little did think with child I were,
 But since it is so, some pity to me show,
 Favour a poor distressed creature here.
 Arise and go from me, he unto her did say,
 See none of this matter you let know,
 Soon as we can get sight of land,
 I am resolv'd you on shore shall go.
 She said, Dearest dear, be not so severe,
 Call to mind the oaths you made to me,
 And how you did betray my virginity,
 The night before we marry'd were to be.
 Do not from me part, in this wild desert,
 Drown me in the watery main,
 Freely I'd comply this moment for to die,
 So let me now love by you be slain.

As thus she spoke, tears bedew'd her cheek,
 Earnestly upon her he did gaze.
 He unto her did cry, and made her this reply,
 In these arms sweet Molly, make your grave.

I cannot cruel be, to such constancy,
 Nothing I'll refuse that I can do,
 But as you're in distress, heaven knows best,
 My dearest, what will become of you.

We are far from shore !----Now the billows roar,
 The doctor he must thy comfort be,
 The minister I'll tell, what has befall,
 And we'll marry'd be upon the sea.

The men were confus'd, when they heard the news,
 And mov'd to pity for the charming fair.

But as we hear, they marry'd were,
 'Ere the morning light it did appear,
 Yet fortune a - we find, to them proves unkind,
 Those unhappy lovers to divide,

As he sleeping were, by his lovely fair,
 The winds blew high and dreadful storms.

All hands aloft they run, dangers for to shun,
 While the swelling bosom of the sea,
 Toss'd them mountains high, they for help did cry,
 To the Lord in their extremity.

At last upon a rock, they receiv'd a shock,
 Expecting every moment for to die,
 The men employed were to save their lives,
 As on the rock the gallant ship did lie.

The woman on the deck she came amongst the rest,
 In the hurry over board she fell,
 No one could her save, the sea was her grave,
 A tragic story to her love to tell.

The powers did decree, she saved should not be,
 With waves they from the rock were driven,
 The storm abated were, to them there,
 For this happiness they thank'd kind heaven.
 O the captain cry'd, where is my lovely bride?
 Having search'd no one could her see,
 For oh! unlucky day! she was cast away,
 At that he wrung his hands most bitterly.
 No rest he could take, but sat on the deck,
 Earnestly of heaven he did implore,
 That her corpse he might see, floating on the sea,
 To gaze his last upon her he did adore.
 When two days were past, he did espy at last,
 Her body floating on the main:
 O Neptune kind, said he, thus to favour me,
 With a sight of my love again.
 Now like Leander here, I'll go to my dear,
 Ever more within her arms to sleep;
 It was for love of me, she cross'd the sea,
 And made her tomb in the silent deep.
 Her love to retaliate. I will share her fate,
 The God's unto our vows all witness be:
 My promise I'll perform, this unhappy morn,
 So instantly he leap'd into the sea.
 Many of them strove to save him then,
 When too true it was his fatal hour,
 For the swelling wave, did become his grave,
 They were never after seen no more.
 Young men a warning take, how your oaths you break
 Of young virgins do not make game:
 Keep your vows and oaths, as you do propose,
 Then happy blessings will attend the same.

OLD SONGS,

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD.

Children in the Wood
 Seven Champions of
 Christendom
 Cat-Skin
 Death and the Lady
 Twenty-seven Songs of
 Robin Hood
 Poor Robin's Dream
 Plymouth Tragedy; or,
 Susan's Overthrow
 Pretty Green Coat Boy
 'Squire Vernon's Fox-
 Chace
 Famous Flower of Serv-
 ing Men
 Wandering Prince of
 Troy
 Choice Pennyworth of
 Wit
 Yarmouth Tragedy
 Golden Bull
 Jane Shore
 Oxford Ramble
 Dorsetshire Miracle
 Transported Felons
 Teague's Ramble
 Spanish Lady's Love to
 an English Captain
 Northern Knight's Gar-
 land

Leeds Tragedy; or, The
 Bloody Brother
 Humours of Rag Fair
 Gloucestershire Tragedy
 Distrest Lady's Garland
 Chevy Chace
 Bloody Gardener
 Berkshire Lady
 Wandering-Shepherdess
 Factor's Garland
 Broken Contract
 Bite upon Bite
 Blind Beggar of Beth-
 nal-Green
 Bristol Bridegroom; or
 The Ship Carpenter's
 LovetotheMerchants
 Daughter
 Anacreon's Feast
 Death of Sir Andrew
 Barton
 New Mad Tom
 Cobler's wife's discovery
 Disobedient Son and
 Cruel Husband
 Somersetshire Tragedy
 Welch Wedding
 Lamentable Ballad of
 the Lady's Fall
 Fair Maudlin

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